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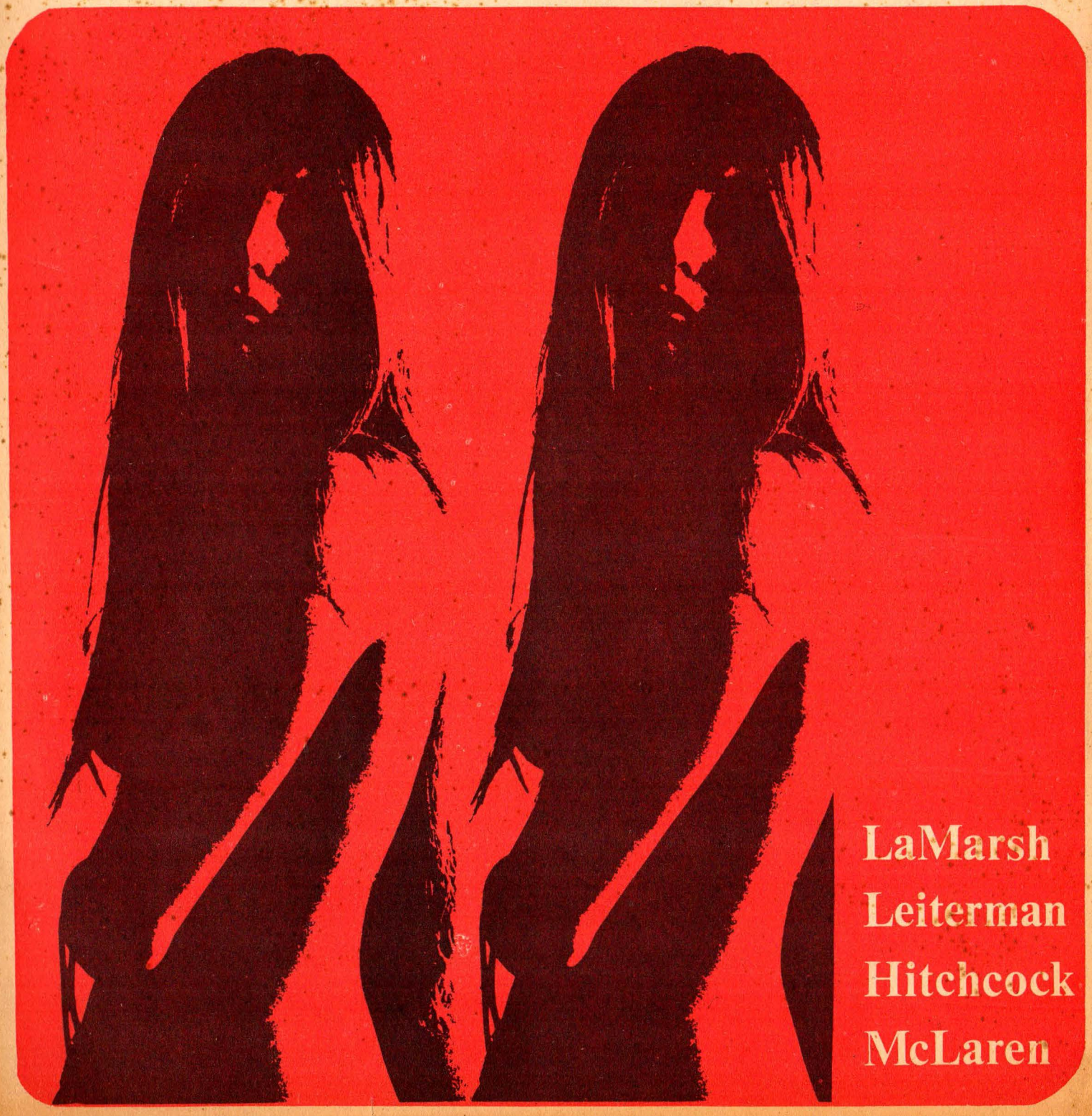

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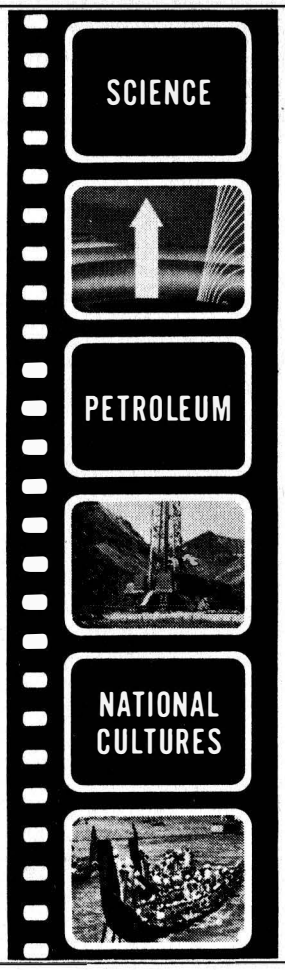

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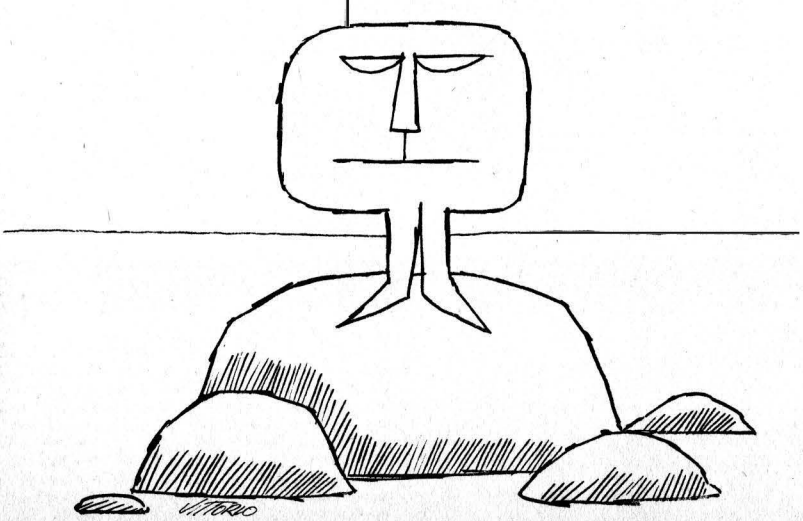

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TAKE ONE

VOL. 1, NO. 1

4 CLOSE-UP ON BILL C-204 Judy LaMarsh

Peter Morris CANADA'S FIRST MOVIE MOGUL 6

8 THE JAUNDICED SCREEN Patrick MacFadden

Douglas Leiterman NOTES OF A MAN... 11

14 HITCH The renowned director talks about his art and business.

Photographs by Pierre Vinet MULTI-MCLAREN 18

23 MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL Reviews

Clive Denton ON FILM 30

Never have the Canadian film industry, and public interest in the film in general, been at a higher pitch than during the last few years. Most lacking in this period – even more so than good Canadian features – was a magazine that would talk of cinema developments in this country and around the world to the growing number of Canadians with an interest in this, the youngest of all the arts. It is this task that TAKE ONE boldly assumes. We hope that, acting as both a forum for the interchange of ideas and a spur toward higher standards of achievement, we shall be playing some small part in the development of our national film industry and the appreciation of its product.

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First Session, Twenty-Seventh Parliament, 14-15 Elizabeth II, 1966.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA.

BILL C-204.

An Act to provide for the establishment of a Canadian Film Development Corporation.

First reading, June 20, 1966.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

ROGER DUHAMEL, F.R.S.C.
QUEEN'S PRINTER AND CONTROLLER OF STATIONERY
OTTAWA, 1966

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Close-Up on Bill C-204

by

THE HONOURABLE JUDY LAMARSH,

SECRETARY OF STATE

I am happy to have the opportunity to introduce this inaugural number of the revue "Take One". A new Canadian cinema revue is more than welcome when taking into consideration the recent expansion which has taken place, in the course of the past few years, in the Canadian film industry.

In this brief article I should like to set forth the reasons why the Government believes in the necessity for a Canadian film industry, also how its setting up is to be encouraged and finally, I want to explain the hopes which I have for the future of this film industry.

It seems to me that the establishment of a Canadian feature film industry can be argued from at least three general points of view. First, it is recognized that the film

industry provides work for thousands of people, and brings additional revenue for the State. The image of Canada projected on world scenes will contribute importantly to the promotion of tourism. This economic factor, a strong one in other countries, is equally valid for Canada. The second reason is social. A nation cannot permit itself the luxury of being exclusively a consumer in the field of culture; it must encourage the creative spirit and the ingenuity of its people. The last reason is of a politico-cultural order; the promotion of Canadian culture in other countries.

With these reasons as a theoretical basis, the government, in the autumn of 1963, set up an interdepartmental committee of senior officers, under the chairmanship of the Government Film Commissioner, to enquire into the practical problems associated with development of a private feature film industry in Canada. Despite the laudable efforts of several producers, the fact remains that, at the present time, there is no feature film industry, there is no continuous production and it is difficult for Canadians with talent and technical ability to make a career in films.

The studies undertaken by the Committee showed that there are about 1,400 cinemas in Canada, showing more than 300 feature films a year. Of this number, how many will have been produced by Canadians? Three perhaps, or, at the most, five.

Further, these studies have shown that our almost total dependence on the foreign production of entertainment films results from several factors. Our national market is not sufficient in itself to maintain a profitable production of feature films. There have never of course been any limitations on the importation of foreign films in our country and, as a result, all kinds of films – especially of American and European origin – have been shown in great numbers in our movie theatres. Despite this overwhelming competition, the government over the years has not offered any compensation to film-producers as has been the custom for more than 30 years in countries like Italy, France and England.

Yet, movie production does exist in Canada. For the last few years, there has been a steady development in such fields as industrial and documentary films, and in recent years, a large production for television. Such production requires first-class skills and technical facilities. After having acquired the necessary knowledge and experience, an increasing number of film-producers and technicians are trying to enter into the larger field of feature film production.

The governments of almost all countries, with the exception of the United States – and I am speaking here of industrialized countries – have realized that the participation of the State was necessary to the growth and survival of the movie industry. State intervention exists in these countries especially in the form of support to production. In particular, it takes the form of tax rebates on exhibitions or subsidies based on the volume of ticket sales, of bonuses for quality, and of guarantees with regard to the financing of the films produced.

As a result of the afore-mentioned assessment of our resources, the government, through me, introduced a bill in Parliament on June 20 of this year, the purpose of which is to encourage and promote the development of the feature film industry.

Since the production of feature films involves a higher than ordinary business risk, Canadian film-producers have until now encountered considerable difficulty in obtaining the basic financing necessary for starting such productions. That is the reason why the government is planning to set up a corporation with the authority to make investments in movie productions which promise to be of artistic merit and likely to achieve wide commercial distribution in Canada and abroad. The corporation will share in the returns from the exhibition of these films, and re-invest the proceeds in other productions.

The bill provides, in addition, for awards to producers of first-class films, as well as grants to film-makers and technicians, for the purpose of improving their skills and increasing their knowledge of technique. I recognize that the provisions of the feature film bill will not solve all the problems of the industry. Distribution is of paramount importance and you will observe that the bill states: "The corporation will advise and assist the producers of Canadian feature films in the distribution of such films and in administrative functions of feature film production."

Specialists in such areas of activity as budgeting and accounting, contracting and production management will be available to help film companies. Distribution, I repeat, is the keystone of financial success. The corporation will not itself secure distribution contracts, but it will assist the producers, through technical counsellors, in setting up an adequate system of distribution.

We should not delude ourselves, however, on this basic point: Canadian producers will have to compete with foreign films for our market. Canadian productions will have to win respect – and audiences – on their own merits. The government is counting on the support and co-operation of film distributors and cinema owners to meet this particular problem.

For 25 years, National Film Board documentary films, and many productions by private companies have gained for Canada an enviable reputation in film circles everywhere. It is time to turn our attention to feature-length films so that movie-goers may come to appreciate the scope and depth of our Canadian cultural expression.

The long term objective in setting up the Film Development Corporation extends, then, beyond the financial issue. Film production is unquestionably one of the most valued art forms of our times. In this connection, I quote Elie Faure, the distinguished French critic, who observed: "Le cinéma est au XXè. siècle ce que l'architecture fut au Moyen-Age."

Finally it is my earnest hope that, following approval by Parliament, the film development program will in the shortest time prove to be a potent force in furthering and fostering Canadian talent and enterprise. I hope to see an early increase in the number of production companies. Script writers must be developed so that directors will be well supplied with truly Canadian screen stories.

The true value of a prosperous feature-film industry will be found in the outlet it affords for Canadian directors, actors, and technicians to take part in the cultural development of the nation. The main requirements for the success of our efforts are energy, imagination, and faith in ourselves.

CANADA'S FIRST MOVIE MOGUL

by

PETER MORRIS

Curator, Canadian Film Archives

Our feature film industry is a fifty-year old fledgling. Though we have produced more than 150 feature-length films, we could hardly claim to have developed a viable feature film industry. So many false starts, so many films touted as The Great Canadian Epic that was going to transform Trenton, Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver or wherever into "the Hollywood of the North", have driven many to reject as impossible the task of building a Canadian film industry.

For a few brief glorious years in the early Twenties there were signs that things might be different when a fast – talking producer named Ernest Shipman almost succeeded in building us a film industry. Twelve feature films were produced by him between 1919 and 1922, six of them during 1921 alone. All but two had very successful Canadian and U.S. distribution and brought a reasonable return to their investors; two of the films were released in Europe. While none were masterpieces, they were solid achievements; a few were very effective. They were especially notable for their use of locations and well deserved the critical reception they received.

Shipman first became active on the Canadian scene about 1917 when he organised a film company in Calgary. His first efforts were strikingly successful: BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY, THE GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY and NOMADS OF THE NORTH, all based on James Oliver Curwood novels, became "sleepers" in the American release circuit and brought him high returns for what must have been a very low investment. **Film Daily**, in October 1920, commented of NOMADS OF THE NORTH: "It is truly an audience picture for it holds the attention all through and at the end leaves you thoroughly satisfied and thrilled by its gripping climax . . . It should be good for an extended run because it is one of those pictures that reap the benefit of word of mouth advertising." Within a year Shipman reported the sale of NOMADS OF THE NORTH and BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY to Italy with "the possibility of sales in other European markets", and (on the strength presumably of the export dollars to be earned) was able to claim "the hearty support and encouragement of the Canadian Government" for his next production CAMERON OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED which he shot in Winnipeg.

Riding high on the success of his first four films, Shipman made 6 more films in 1921 in Calgary, Winnipeg and Ottawa: GOD'S CRUCIBLE, THE GOLDEN SNARE, THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY, SKY PILOT, LATIN LOVE and THE CRITICAL AGE. (Incidentally, four of these were directed by Canadian Henry MacRae who later became king of the serial makers and chief of Universal City.) Most of these films were well-received as "a first-rate production" and "an adequate successor to BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY" though it took 2 years for THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY and THE CRITICAL AGE to be released in the U.S. and LATIN LOVE apparently never made it. The plots seem primitive to modern eyes, but, combined with some often striking visual effects, they were more than sufficient to thrill the movie audiences of the early Twenties. The plots also are annoyingly familiar to those of us grown weary of films made in the apparent belief that Canada is populated by bears, Mounties, glaciers, trappers and lumbermen. THE GOLDEN SNARE is an RCMP story; so is CAMERON OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED; NOMADS OF THE NORTH is about the trials of a trapper and his wife; THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY and THE CRITICAL AGE are lumbering stories. Though prints of GOD'S CRUCIBLE (which was based on Ralph Connor's novel **The Foreigner**) no longer exist, **Film Daily's** summary of the climax is intriguing: "In the end the Russian violinist not only discovers a coal mine for himself but in a passive way also wins the affection of a titled English girl. The great lesson this story would teach us is that love and adventure know no racial boundaries and in Western Canada they are either cads or men." After this, one could hardly disagree with the reviewer's conclusion that: "A good many of your people will no doubt be entertained by this production."

During the early Twenties, the U.S. production-distribution-exhibition interests were already beginning to combine into what finally became the Big Five (M.G.M., Universal, Warners, Fox and Paramount) with an almost monopolistic control over production, distribution circuits and movie houses. Perhaps it was the continual pressure of trying to sell independently-made, Canadian films in the increasingly restrictive U.S. markets or perhaps he lost "the hearty support and encouragement of the Canadian Government", but Shipman's next two efforts, made only a year after the triumphal year of 1921, ruined him. In Sault Ste-Marie, Shipman produced Alan Sullivan's novel THE RAPIDS with a heavy local investment. At the local premiere, the film was highly praised for "Fine photography and excellent acting" and **The Moving Picture World** agreed: "It has the same scenic and industrial appeal as the (Shipman's) others and exceptional dramatic interest this time . . . the picture has a force of its own that does not come from ordinary 'hokum' effects." **Film Daily,** however, was cold: "Starts out quite distinctively but wanders into a fairly unconvincing and conventional plot" and added this depressing Exploitation Tip: "To get them interested in this you might pile up a wagon load of logs and have a couple of men dressed as lumberjacks drive it about town with signs announcing your showing." The Sault Ste-Marie investors lost their money and Shipman moved to St. John, New Brunswick and brought into being yet another company which produced Captain Frederick Wallace's novel BLUE WATERS featuring a promising young actress from Montreal, Norma Shearer. This time, **Film Daily** didn't even bother to review it. All the stockholders ever got out of it was an unsaleable negative lying in a vault in St. John.

What finally happened to Ernest Shipman is unclear. It is

known that he left for New York and was confident enough at the end of 1923 to advertise his new productions "with others to follow" and to claim that he expected "these productions to exceed the earnings of past Shipman successes . . ." No public trace of him after this date has yet been found. His wife, Nell Shipman, (who had both scripted and starred in his two early films BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY and THE GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY) went to Hollywood and became a screenwriter-producer (she was billed as "The God's Country Girl now producing a series of Little Dramas of the Big Places"). Their son, Barry Shipman, became a Hollywood writer of some stature and his daughter, Nina Shipman, is

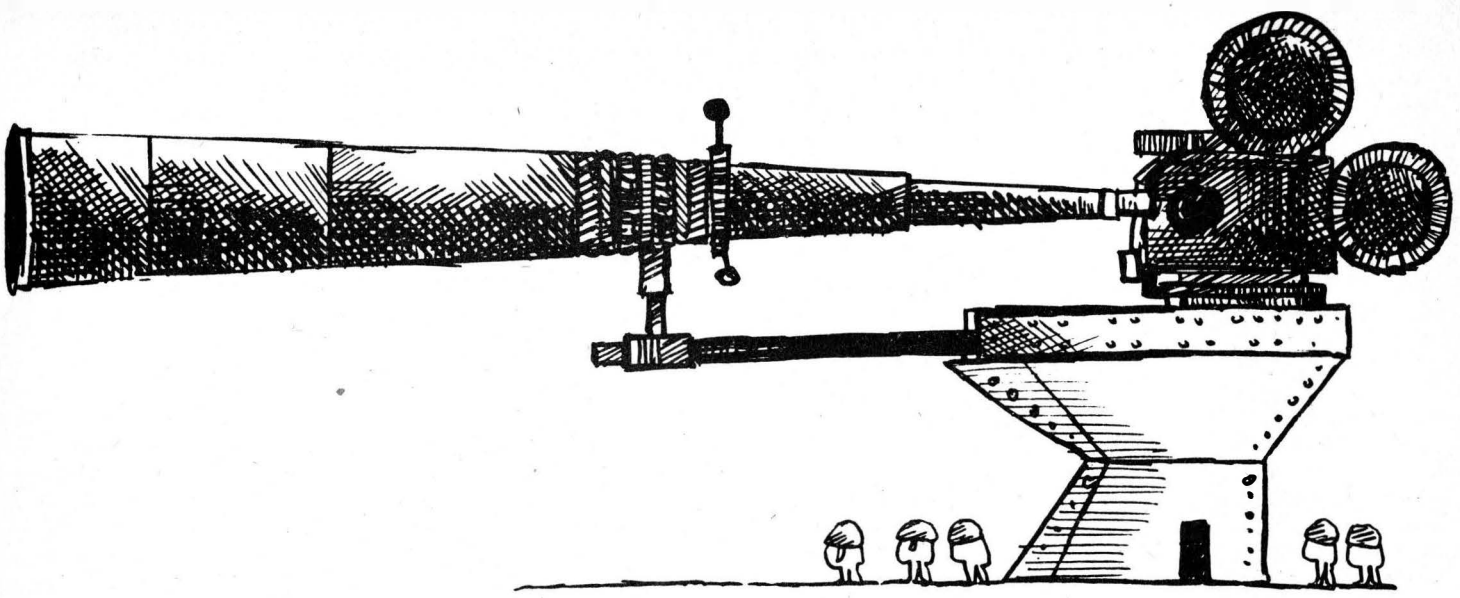
CANADIAN FILM ARCHIVES STILLS LIBRARY

an actress with a reputation as a clever comedienne.

Ernest Shipman's talents were not artistic: he left that to his wife. He was a businessman and his methods may offer some interesting pointers. He took his financing where he could find it: some of his films were backed locally, others had their production costs staked by established film companies. He used real locations wherever possible to keep down production costs; only on his last film BLUE WATERS were there extensive studio interiors. This necessity became one of the merits of his films. He deliberately chose to present only those stories which he felt were recognisably Canadian in flavour since he obviously felt this gave them an initial selling point. While he used Canadian film-making and acting talent to a considerable extent, he did not hesitate to use Americans if it seemed necessary: Lon Chaney, Lewis Stone, Betty Blythe, Colleen Moore and Wallace Beery all appeared in Shipman productions.

Although the full Shipman story has yet to be discovered and told, it is clear he had remarkable abilities. Almost single-handed and without our "hearty support" he nearly gave us a feature film industry; he came closer than anyone else has ever done and, had he succeeded, our whole film-making history could have been vastly different.

As a footnote: It is worth recalling a report in the **Toronto Evening Telegram** in 1921 which seemed to favour a tariff against U.S.A. films, pointing out that they were "returning the highest interest on invested capital of any industry." Shipman gleefully quoted this in a throwaway for his Canadian Photoplay Productions inviting investment for the sharing of the "Gigantic Profits that there are in the Motion Picture Industry". MICKEY (a 1918 feature) it stated "had contributed to the federal revenues about $884, and returned a net profit to its United States' owners of over $120,000". Shipman went on to advocate a tariff or other means to aid Canadian film production. The problems which plague our film industry today have been with us for some time.



The Jaundiced Screen

a glance, by **PATRICK MACFADDEN**, at the movies of World War Two Point Nine

"We should always be disposed to believe that that which appears white is really black, if the hierarchy of the Church so decides."

—St. Ignatius

Visual aid for Man the Hunter is as old as the cave drawings. And Collective Man has institutionalized it. The Red Cross of the Crusaders turned on both prince and peasant for their trip to Jerusalem; Genghis Khan's steppe-dance to the sea was performed behind a mystical nine-tailed white standard; Kitchener's stabbing finger rocked Britain with the guilties in 1915; while Spain in 1937 saw Franco's Moors lolloping into battle with the Sacred Heart of Jesus splayed across their Moslem bosoms, a trompe l'oeil symbolizing the recidivism that was to follow.

The motion picture, with its built-in equation between connotation and denotation, has left these unsophisticated techniques far behind. The nuptials of sight and sound have meant a honeymoon for persuaders of all persuasions. And the fruit of the union is a mixed bunch, not all of it bad.

Which brings one to the question of film as propaganda, specifically as propaganda in the service of Mars. The word itself does not easily lend itself to definition; twenty-five years of Cold War accretions have sunk its purely functional connotation. Still, the American College Dictionary agrees with the Oxford English Dictionary that propaganda is simply stuff that is propagated by "an organization or concerted movement." It adds, perhaps slightly wickedly, that Pope Gregory XV set up the (still extant) College of Propaganda as far back as 1622.

This definition doesn't get one very far, lumping as it does "Things-Go-Better-With-Coke" along with Riefenstahl's "Triumph of the Will." A more acceptable approach would be to consider not only the content of a particular piece but also the treatment of that content. Taking these two together, and postulating as legitimate propaganda objectives what the games theorist calls "credibility posture", one can then break the thing down into good propaganda and bad propaganda; thus avoiding the moral problem altogether.

Except that it doesn't work. For at least two reasons: war, that is to say, the organized killing of certain men by certain others, has always been accompanied by ethical go-signals ("Dieu le veult", "For King and Country", "preserving our way of life") that effectively tie the killing to social ends. This makes all kinds of sense, magically and anthropologically, since killing is an unnatural, FEAR-INDUCING act. Secondly, the propagandist-commentator, despite his laudable desire to concentrate-on-his-job-and-never-mind-the-morals ("You get me the pictures and I'll get you the war"), finds himself dealing willy-nilly with the real world of men, their thoughts, their emotions, their morality. And the result is always the same: friendly persuasion, since its motivation is predicated on the existence of potential disagreement, creates the very disagreement it seeks to obviate. Only in the non-dialectical world of a McLuhan can the medium be the massage.

Because movies, like wars, are made in the real world of men, objectivity becomes more than usually difficult. Consider, for examples, the problems involved in the deceptively simple statement, "Mary Poppins is a great movie." There are good wars and bad wars, it seems: the protestant conscience, of which marxism is a variant, having tch-tched its 300-year-old distaste for the concept of the just war, has appeared to settle quite happily for just that concept: anti-communist wars are okay; and wars of national liberation are okay.

The trouble arises when these terms are applied to the same war.

The three or four movies from North Viet Nam that have been circulating (more or less surreptitiously, depending on the power of the State in one's area) are fairly straightforward examples of this moral conundrum. Independently distributed, (at least one of these does have a recognized distributor, Plato Films of London) these documentaries have been making the rounds of film societies and peace groups in England, Canada and the U.S. In which latter country they ran into some trouble, a hassle investing them with an added illicit frisson, a kind of underground political equivalent of blue movies.

Technically, they are of little interest; although in all fairness it should be said that the cinéaste looking for a Pudovkin from the ranks of the Liberation Front at this stage of the game would have to be a rarefied soul indeed. Film-making is understandably not high on the priority list of the N.L.F. (Apart from which, the idea that wars exist

in order to produce great movies is a little macabre.) Nevertheless, the second of the batch, carrying a commentary by the Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett, provides an excellent summary of the Vietnamese position. Burchett has become the unofficial war correspondent for the Front, has accompanied the troops in their campaigns and is immensely knowledgeable on what makes them tick.

And according to these movies, they do tick. Without knowing whether they've been made for home or foreign consumption, it's difficult to assess their effect as propaganda. But it's safe to say they'd make a Fulbright liberal squirm in his seat. Particularly the first one, which takes almost a savage joy in close-ups of pieces of imperialist aggressor fuselage (their plane-count is higher than that given by the U.S. Information Agency); they're very proud too of their ingenious booby traps made of wooden spikes as well as their knock-down-drag-'em-out A.A. system. (No shots of S.A.M.'s or M.I.G.'s here.) And there's some good footage showing Hanoi University students slamming their textbooks in the lockers and hopping out for their military drill in the lunch hour, a form of social commitment that makes Berkeley seem very dull indeed. The later movies deal, predictably, with the havoc caused by American bombing. An appeal is made here to the liberal conscience, since the films dwell on the wreckage of schools and hospitals. But in every case, the upsurge in national morale is emphasized with shots of factories turning out shells and bullets. Despite the ravages of life, as it were, war still goes on.

The questions to be answered about these movies are primarily political ones. How, for example, do they treat the war?

The most striking aspect, is the feeling of intense patriotism. Anyone who thinks that the N.L.F. is depending on peace sentiment in the West to win the war for them would be speedily disabused by these films. The hard fact of the matter is that they appear to have been made by the side that feels it's going to win. These are not the movies of a defeated people. Or at least they don't appear to be. And perhaps that's what good propaganda is.

Turning to the other side brings one to the American output. (There seems little point in preserving the fiction that the "other side" is anyone else; apart from which, the Ky regime hasn't been sending any movies our way.) There is a semantic problem here; N.L.F. movies can be fairly called propaganda — the Marxist, in fact, insists that movies SHOULD be propaganda and the hell with "bourgeois objectivity", that's what cinema's for — "of all the arts the most important", said Lenin. But officially, Hollywood doesn't make propaganda movies. It will be recalled that that's what the shake-out was about in 1947 when the House Un-American Activities Committee moved into Dream City and heard about the supposed goings-on. Down to the last finicky detail, as for example is shown by this excerpt from the public testimony of the indefatigable Miss Ayn Rand. She's talking about M.G.M.'s "Song of Russia", made in 1943 when the Soviets were allies:

> It starts with Robert Taylor playing the American national anthem and the national anthem dissolves into a Russian mob with the sickle and the hammer on a red flag very prominently above their heads... that was a terrible touch of propaganda . . . it suggests literally and technically that it is quite all right for the American national anthem to dissolve into the Soviet. . .

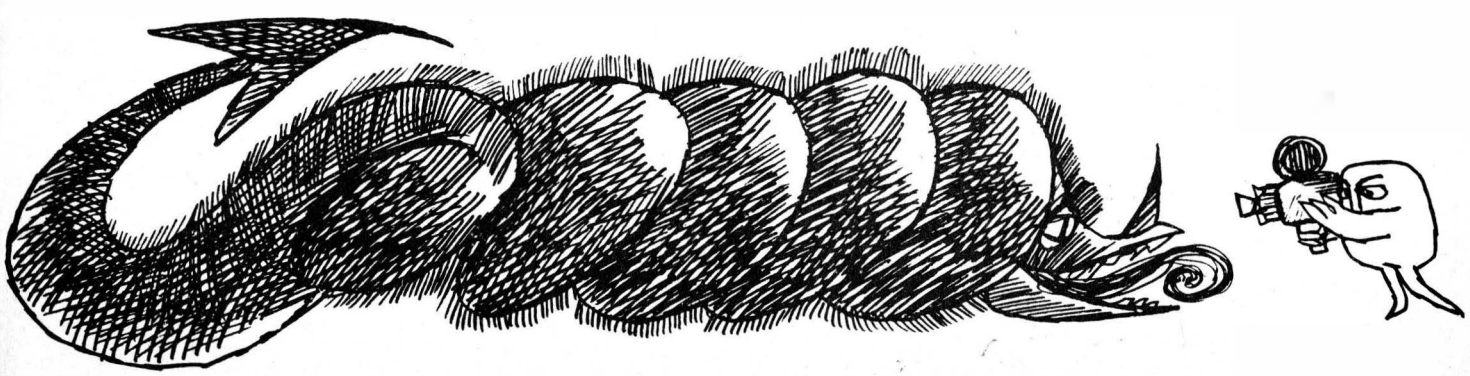
After such knowledge, as T.S. Eliot would say, what forgiveness? One wonders what Miss Rand has to say about the titles of "The Russians Are Coming."

And Leo McCarey, producer and director of "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's", gave the H.U.A.C. chief investigator, Robert E. Stripling, a further insight into the precarious business of movie-making in the Age of Ideology:

> Mr. Stripling: Were "Going my Way" and "Bells of St. Mary's" two of the most popular pictures which you have produced in recent years, according to the box-office?
> Mr. McCarey: According to the box-office they were both very successful.
> Mr. Stripling: They did very well?
> Mr. McCarey: Yes, sir.
> Mr. Stripling: How did they do in Russia?
> Mr. McCarey: We haven't received one rouble from Russia on either picture.
> Mr. Stripling: What is the trouble?
> Mr. McCarey: Well, I think I have a character in there they do not like.
> Mr. Stripling: Bing Crosby?
> Mr. McCarey: No; God.

Thus if Hollywood doesn't make propaganda movies, how does one label "To The Shores of Hell", made by a company called Riviera, from a book by Will Zens, a Will Zens Production, produced and directed by Will Zens and self-described as "The Hell-Bustin' Shoot-The-Works Epic of the U.S. Marines"? And starring Marshall Thompson and Richard Arlen? ("Sands of Iwo Jima" in 1950 had John Wayne as Sergeant Stryker. It was advertised as "High Adventure In the South Pacific! Two-fisted Stryker Will Win The Hearts of Everyone!")

Perhaps an exploitation movie? In any event, "To The



Shores of Hell", its Dantesque tag to the contrary, is not very good. (The U.S. Defence Department gets a credit.) It's the first of the Viet Nam war movies to totter on to the local circuits; and it's in bad shape. The story deals with Major Donaghue (he's American-Irish) who forsakes the blond girl in the red convertible to return to Viet Nam to find his "kid brother" Gary who is a doctor (American-Irish) who has been captured by the "Cong". "He wouldn't refuse to treat their wounded would he?" a buddy asks. "No," sez Major Danaghue in a very sincere but firm way, "Gary'd treat a rattlesnake."

Which should keep the A.M.A. happy.

There's a padre too ("been here since Korea"); he's American-Irish. And a good Vietnamese lad, introduced to the major by the Padre ("It's not his real name, but we call him Mickey Finn." A sincere handclasp from Major Donaghue, "Glad to meet another Irishman, Mickey . . . ")

The padre is called The Battling Padre.

At one point Gary is bandaging up a Cong's hand but doesn't pass up the opportunity for a bit of what the playwrights call "exposition":

> Got a bit of your own medicine, eh? You like torturing women and children, eh? (Bandage, bandage) Why don't you smarten up and stop believing this stuff about capitalistic Wall Street war-mongers? (Bandage, bandage) You dirty commie fink! (Bandage, bandage)

Well, you know what men are like in war.

Also, a Cong runs out of the jungle (they all wear Chinese coolie hats, a nice touch) and tries to rape a good Vietnamese girl (blue jeans, latest hair-do). He fails in this dastardly act, despite the almost full minute given him (Hollywood is still Hollywood), and then the Battling Padre and Mickey Finn get him. Mickey holds the sex-maniac's head in a pool of water until he is dead. Major Donaghue purses lips. The Padre says in a disapproving tone, "Ye-e-s, they can handle him in their own inimitable way."

The Padre, we take it, has values.

It may be that great war movies will still come out of Viet Nam. But on this showing it's unlikely. One might suggest two reasons: movies are made in the real world; and at present not enough people are buying this particular war. The kind of sordid jungle scuffle that passes for war in Viet Nam can only produce either the impersonal logic of the N.L.F. documentaries or the criminal nonsense of "To The Shores of Hell". As far as feature movies are concerned, the war cannot be invested with the kind of moral passion that marked World War II movies such as "Back to Bataan", "Morning Departure" or "To the Shores of Iwo Jima."

The second reason is more mundane. It is television, not theatre, that is shaping public attitudes to this war. Across the wild blue yonder of the 24-inch tube, the battle lines are drawn. Beryl Fox's "The Mills of the Gods" and Morley Safer's coverage for CBS cannot be said to have given much aid and comfort to the war effort. On the other hand, Mr. Ed Sullivan is there, weekly, impassive as the Great Buddha, introducing bronzed young war heraes and hammering the peace crowd — "Draft-card burners? I guess they're sending smoke-signals to Benedict Arnold." And the waves of applause break over his folded arms.

It is interesting to reflect that, this time round, the post-war movies will depend completely on whether there's going to be a post-war. If there is, the market will be wide open for an updated "All Quiet on the Western Front": As Remarque's novel put it:

> How senseless is everything that can ever be written, done, or thought, when such things are possible. It must be all lies and of no account when the culture of a thousand years could not prevent this stream of blood being poured out. Will we be able to watch it without irony?

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Notes of a man preparing to leave his country

by
DOUGLAS LEITERMAN

The wooden bench was cold and unyielding, polished by the pants of a thousand other Canadians who had sat there, like me, waiting for visas to emigrate to the United States. Why did they go? Why leave a country which has lakes, and rocks, and winter ice, and which has achieved a balance, better than most, between the pressures of materialism and whatever it is that feeds the soul.

Why did they go, and why was I going? What would my grandfather think — he who had swum the Dnieper when he was 18 to escape the draft of the Czars, worked his passage to Montreal and carved a farm out of the wilderness on the bleak north shore of Lake Superior? What of my children? Would they become Americans, regarding Canada as a quaint country which their father had loved, but which meant no more to them than a flag they disliked and the RCMP Musical Ride?

"Have you ever been fingerprinted?" It was my turn now and the questions were hardly subtle. *"Have you ever been in jail?"* I had once, but only to interview inmates, and discover what decent people they were. *"Insane asylum?"* No, but we did help to spring Fred Fawcett . . . *"Communist organizations?"* Not since college, when I joined the Marxist study group in my junior year because I liked the lean and hungry man who taught there. And of course there had been George Victor Spencer, the spy they left out in the cold, whom I talked to two weeks before he died. And the funeral of the Canadian Communist leader, where we filmed the old ladies who wept at his bier.

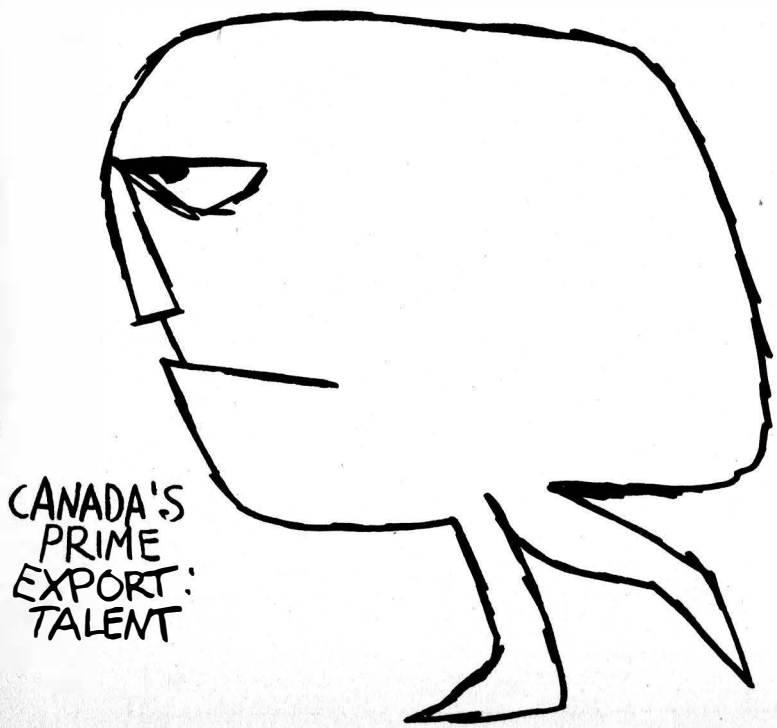
"Will you be gainfully employed in the U.S.?" That was a lovely question. My business was television, but I couldn't work at it in Canada. If Americans were afraid of controversy, as Canadians assumed, what U.S. network would look at a man who had made newspaper copy for months? *"Why are you leaving Canada?"* Why indeed? The answer to that had required ten thousand words of Hansard, and even then nobody could be sure.

Ottawa. Mostly I remembered those frantic days in the spring, hastily assembling the information sought by the parliamentary committee. The thoughtful questioning of men who cared, and the harrassment of the single M.P. who seemed intent on discrediting our weary band of program makers.

I remembered a decade before, when I had been a correspondent there, and had watched from the press tables the brutal examination of men who had sought only to serve their countrymen. As a reporter then I had been objective, and pitiless, reporting both sides without fear or favor, and in my turn, I too had been so reported.

Ottawa was also the opulence of the CBC Head Office on Bronson Avenue, richly white and gold, to which I had been invited years after it was too late to do any good; and the presidential office, with its paintings and its sculpture, and no television set in sight.

Toronto. An office to be vacated, to make room for new incumbents. Empty now, that fifth floor on Maitland Street, where forty-four men and women who believed in something had labored to make it breathe and live. Dark now, the windows where lights had blazed, all through the night, seven days a week, when a show had to be fashioned and there were never enough hands to fashion it. The transmitting tower, imponderable and mysterious as always, piercing the blanket of sky and blinking its red warning lights: "Do Not Adjust Your



Sets." As Norman DePoe had said, "Trouble May be Permanent."

The elevator is slow, because the cleaning lady pulls the emergency stop button while she battles the waste paper of the fifth floor. A gentle woman, who somehow understood that the place where programs were made had to be dirtier than the floors occupied by Systems and Procedures. Sunday night was her only night off, but she almost always watched, and her comments Monday night meant more, I suppose, than all the critics had written. If the show bored her she said so, and if she stayed through it there could be no doubt: it was a good show.

The man who polishes the floors is also a faithful viewer. I remembered the night he had brought down a white screen he had borrowed from his son's home movie outfit, because we didn't have a screen and had to project our films on the yellow wall. That was two years before, and we never did get a screen, but we got adjusted to the sepia.

Cleaning up. The stacks of papers and magazines. Nice things they had written about us, at first. But they got tired of it too, and at the end some of them had told us we should not have fought at all, or, if beaten, we should have bowed gracefully and accepted what they had applauded us for rejecting three months before. And some doubted if we had ever done anything good: our best films, they said, were probably the work of someone else.

Now the separation, and the messy details. The lost kines whose return was demanded. The missing books, the unanswered letters, the unpaid bills from The Battle. But there were pleasant details, too. Card from an English teacher of 25 years before, who understood more about what television must do than half the people paid for doing it. And letters. From all over the country. People who couldn't understand why the program should be taken away. They talked about it as *their* program, and that was splendid, because that was what we believed, too.

Job offers? Only one, from all of Canada. Which was hardly surprising, considering the low demand curve for tarnished executive producers. But in America, where everyone is supposed to fear controversy like the plague — plenty of work for unemployed producers. Only thing everybody keeps asking: How could they kill such a popular show?

"Why are you emigrating?" Well you see, there was this Laurier and he wept one night while the camera was on him, and . . .

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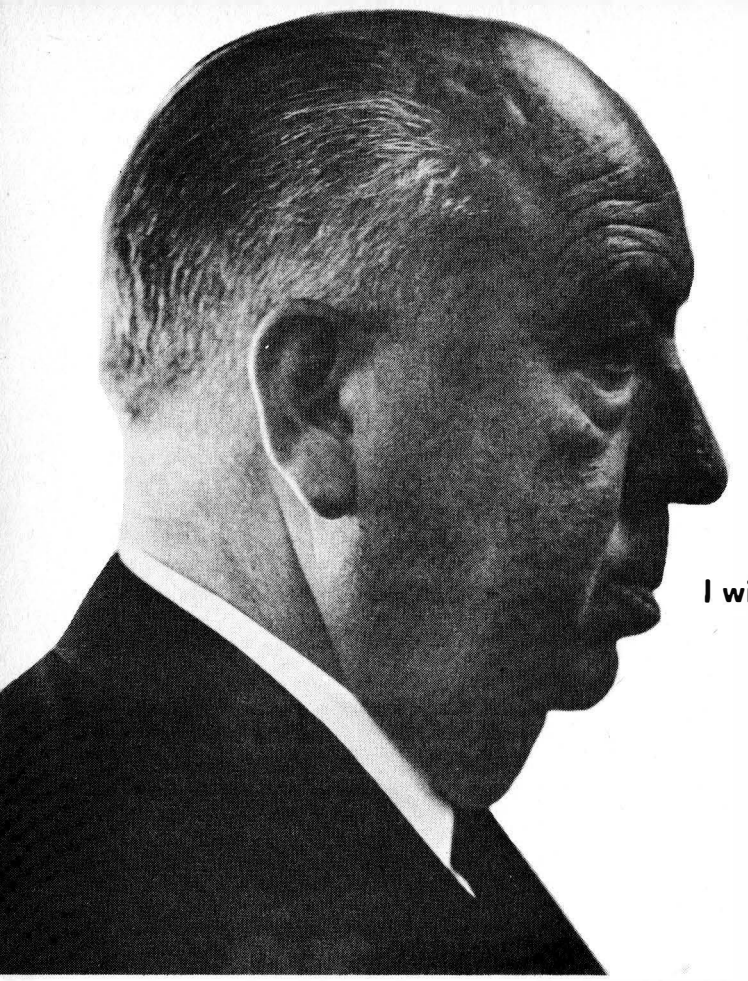


HITCH

I wish I didn't have to shoot the picture.

In Toronto this summer to promote his latest film, Alfred Hitchcock spoke of his art and business at a seminar sponsored by the Directors Guild of Canada. Questioned by Budge Crawley, Fletcher Markle and Gerald Pratley, the renowned director covered a wide variety of topics. Herewith, some edited highlights of that discussion:

Q.—How have you managed to find the same challenge, stimulus, the inspiration? How do you continue to find something new and worthwhile to do as you go from picture to picture?

A.—Well, I think that the main problem one has, in my particular field, is the avoidance of the cliché. You see, audiences now — with television, and having films for fifty years — are now highly educated in all forms of mayhem, crime: they're all experts — the public I mean. I was talking to a judge while I was making a film called THE WRONG MAN and he said that he wished they could have trials without juries, because juries were becoming — what is the word — something of a nuisance. They all want to know from the witness — if there's a police officer on the stand, they want to know "What about the finger prints, what about this, what about that." They're all experts. So one has to recognize that you do have an audience today — with the increased facilities of communication, of television, films, paperbacks, and everything else — you have to be aware of this competition and meet it.

To give you an example of avoiding the cliché: I made a movie called NORTH BY NORTHWEST and I had occasion to use a situation (which is a very old-fashioned one) of sending a man — in this case Cary Grant — to an appointed place: he's what they call "put on the spot". And there, probably, to be shot at. Now, the convention of this situation has been done many times: he is stood under the street lamp at night in a pool of light, waiting, very sinister surroundings, the cobbles are all washed by the recent rain — you've seen that in many pictures — then we cut to a window and a face peers furtively out, then you cut to the bottom of the wall and a black cat slithers along, then you wait for the limousine to arrive: this is what we've been used to seeing. So, I decided: "I won't do it that way"; I would do it in bright sunlight, not a nook or a cranny or a corner of refuge for our victim. Now we have a situation where the audience are wondering. A mad tension. And it's not going to come out of a dark corner. So, not only do you give them suspense, but you give them mystery as well. He's alone and then a man arrives across the other side of the road, and he crosses to talk to him and this man suddenly says, "Look, there's a crop-duster over there, dusting the field where there are no crops." Now, that's the first thing that you give to the audience: this sinister, mysterious comment. But, before it can be discussed, you put the man on the bus and he drives off, so you and Cary Grant are now — because you are identified with him — left alone. And then suddenly the airplane comes down and shoots at him all over the place . . . So there you see an example of the very question you ask: "How do you keep up, how do you change?" Only by rejecting the obvious and then, out of that, you will find new ways to do the same thing.

Q.—You've been described, Mr. Hitchcock, not only as the master of the horror film, but also as master of preplanned production techniques . . . How much improvisation is there in your films and would you talk to us about your methods of film-making?

A.—Well, in the first place I agree that you can improvise and should improvise, but I think it should be done in an office, where there are no electricians waiting and no actors waiting, and you can improvise all you want — ahead of time. Sometimes, I compare it with a composer who is trying to write a piece of music with a full orchestra in front of him. Can you imagine him saying: "Flute, give me that note again will you. Thank you, flute," and he writes it down . . . A painter has his canvas and he uses his charcoal sketch and he goes to work on that canvas with a pre-conceived idea. I'm sure he doesn't guess it as he goes along. So, I am not in approval of the improvisation on the studio stage, while the actor is on the phone about

his next picture and all that kind of stuff.

Q.—Mr. Hitchcock, how have you been able to resist, over fifty years of direction, the temptation to look through the camera?

A.—I don't look through the camera. Looking through the camera has nothing to do with it. The ultimate end of what you're doing is on a rectangular screen of varying proportions — wide ones, tall ones, all those kinds of screens — but, nevertheless, what are you doing? You're using the rectangle, like a painter, but the whole art of the motion picture is a succession of composed images, rapidly going through a machine, creating ideas. The average public do not, or are not, aware of "cutting" as we know it, and yet that is the pure orchestration of the motion picture form. So, therefore, looking through a camera has absolutely nothing to do with it at all. Its the rectangle where the composition arrives. I would say, if I looked through a camera, having asked for a certain composition of a given set-up, it would be as though I distrusted the cameraman and he was a liar, and I'm testing him out.

Q.—What about other directors?

A.—I don't know anything about other directors; maybe I'm a snob in that direction. And I've never seen other directors at work; I never have. I've heard about them: they tell me they dress up for directing. I've always worn the same blue suit everywhere.

Q.—What about seeing your rushes or your dailies: we hear that you pay little attention to them. Is this correct?

A.—Yes, it is correct, because I go and check them up after about four of five days, but I don't rush the same evening to see "Has it come out?" That would be like going to the local camera shop to see the snaps and make sure nobody has moved.

Q.—Mr. Hitchcock, what about your editing methods: when do you start to edit your films, and are you able to edit them right through to the very end without anyone else interfering with it?

A.—Well I — following what I have said — do shoot a pre-cut picture. In other words, every piece of film is designed to perform a function. So therefore, literally, the only type of editing that I do is to tighten up: if a man's coming through the door, going into the room, then you just pull that together by just snippets. But actual creative work in the cutting, for me, is non-existent, because it is designed ahead of time — pre-cut, which it should be. You don't agree with me, huh?

Q.—Oh yes.

A.—Oh.

Q.—Yes.

Q.—Have you ever used a shot that, perhaps, might have been shot by accident on the set in a film of yours — that wasn't pre-planned?

A.—Oh no, I don't think so. For example, in the film PSYCHO, I did a murder in the shower: I spent seven days on that — seventy-eight cuts for forty-five seconds of film. That meant you got pieces of film no bigger than two or three frames. And that was shot with the head of the leading lady; I had a nude girl — we shot a lot of her struggles — but more than that, what people don't realize in a situation like this: you had censor problems, so you had bare breasts to cover. So in order to measure this out, I had some parts of the scene shot in slow motion: so the girl moved like that to struggle and the arm covers the breasts there — which could never have been done had you shot it quickly because you couldn't measure it out.

Q.—Have you been up to date, shall we say, in your new film TORN CURTAIN: do you have any love scenes in this which . . . uh . . .

A.—Oh yes, I have Julie Andrews and Newman in bed together discussing their wedding day. Although I must say — here's an example in this film, in this particular scene, of the avoidance of the cliché. I got so bored with seeing those English films with the nude couple in bed and that constant shot over the bare shoulder of the man, which is just covering the breasts of the girl — it's such a bore and so unimaginative that I took the trouble in the opening of TORN CURTAIN to show a ship in a Norwegian fjord and on board is an international convention of nuclear physicists, and I have turned the heat off on the ship: I have made the heat go wrong. The reason I did that was because I wanted all the people in the dining room to be wrapped in coats and freezing to death having their lunch. And then I go down below and show our couple in bed, covered with blankets, covered in top-coats, and you barely see them at all. For some inexplicable reason, my sense of propriety in this matter didn't seem to meet the approval of the Legion of Decency; they complained that there were pre-marital occupations going on, and I don't understand why they said that because I can't see a thing.

Q.—Is the smallest period involved in production the shooting period?

A.—Oh yes: I wish didn't have to shoot the picture. When I've gone through the script and created the picture on paper, for me the creative job is done and the rest is just a bore.

. . . I think, to me, the great art of the motion picture is by means of imagery and montage to create an emotion in the audience and, therefore, the content is a means to an end. In other words, I would choose a story that would help toward that end rather than just photograph a story without any technique.

Q.—Would you approve of a film which involved only technique and no story?

A.—Oh yes, you have to have story because, you see, you need shape. You see, the nearest art form to the motion picture is, I think, the short story: its the only form where you ask the audience to sit down and read it in one sitting.

In the film, you ask the audience to stay in one seat for two hours. Therefore, you need a shape of the story that has a rising curve of interest. You know, Bernard Shaw once tried to figure out how long an act of a play would be, based on the endurance of the human bladder. And that is our fundamental problem when we devise a film: we do ask a person to sit there for two hours and therefore the shape and story-shape comes into it considerably because, as you get toward the end when they, your audience, might begin to be — shall we say — physically distracted, you must increase the interest on the screen to take their minds off this kind of thing.

Q.—It's generally considered that films of mystery are best in black and white, yet you've photographed TORN CURTAIN in colour. What have you been able to do with the colour process and the photography which perhaps aids the mood you're trying to achieve?

A.—Well, when they talk about black and white, you remember that black and white itself is unreal basically. After all, we see colour everywhere. The camera will photograph whatever you give it: if you want to give it a black and white set — a woman in a black dress and a white blouse, there'll only be one thing in colour; that'll be her face, the rest will all be black and white so that you can create the some thing in your own way. In TORN CURTAIN, we decided that after we leave Copenhagen, which is the last location in the picture before we go to East Germany, to go grey everywhere — grey and beige — so we have a mood, a depressed mood, a sinister mood, in the general tones of

all the sets and they're all painted grey for that purpose. So you see black and white or colour really don't have any relationship. The only reason I made a picture like PSYCHO in black and white is because of the amount of blood.

Q.—Mr. Hitchcock, you're 65 and you directed THE LADY VANISHES about '37. Do you find that it is just as easy now, in directing a picture like TORN CURTAIN, to keep up your enthusiasm as it was in the days when you were shooting THE LADY VANISHES, and if not, why not?

A.—Yes, you have to do that. After all, the most enjoyable part of making a picture is in that little office, with the writer, when we are discussing the story-lines and what we're going to put on the screen, searching for freshness and so forth, and also always that lovely moment when we say, "Wouldn't it be fun to kill him this way."

. . . The big difference is that I do not let the writer go off on his own and just write a script that I will interpret. I stay involved with him and get him involved in the direction of the picture. So he becomes more than a writer; he becomes part maker of the picture, because the picture is

TORN CURTAIN...

Universal production and release. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Screenplay, Brian Moore, based on his story. Camera (Technicolor), John F. Warren. Music, John Addison. With Paul Newman, Julie Andrews, Lila Kedrova, Hansjoerg Felmy, Tamara Toumanova, Wolfgang Kieling.

The presentation of the credits is great. Cold flames fill the left side of the screen; anguished faces float into view in the mist on the right and disappear again; as Julie Andrews' face moves away from us it seems to be screaming silently; lushly ominous music on the soudtrack.

The first sequence of the film is simple and droll and grabs the viewer's attention as do all Hitchcock openings. It may be devised, as Hitchcock says, to allow him to stage one of his anti-cliché scenes (Newman and Andrews naked in bed but covered with blankets and coats so we only see their faces) yet it is as expressive of the film's theme as the openings of *The Birds* and *Marnie*. The warmth of Sarah's love will have to fight against Michael's apparent coldness and the coldness of an alien environment. (When Michael gets back into bed after answering the door, Sarah feels his cold body against her warm one; Michael tells one of the passengers that Sarah didn't go to the dining room for lunch because she has a cold.) This opening love scene is also inverted later in the film, as the pet shop scene in *The Birds* connects with the later scene in which Melanie is caged in the phone booth. Michael and Sarah are seen in a long shot in her hotel room in East Berlin, standing apart, clothed, turned away from each other, overwhelmed by the space in the dark, high room — a shot that perfectly depicts their emotional relationship at that moment. Shortly before this scene, an optical effect new to Hitchcock's work has shown us Sarah's face multiplying and sliding away as through a mist of tears after Michael has told her to cut out of his life — an effect that echoes the silent scream of the nightmarish credits sequence. Add to that the split-second freezings of the ballerina's face in the scene in the theatre, and you've got the additions to Hitchcock's visual vocabulary. Not that we must have startling new effects in every film. *Marnie* certainly wasn't new, but it was honed and polished, its impeccable emotional rhythm was conveyed in complex, beautiful, mysterious images, the dialogue was intelligent and witty, and the actors vital and interesting. All of which, for the most part, are missing in the new film,

being made.

Q.—If you were going to be murdered, how would you choose to have it done?

A.—Well, there are many nice ways: eating is a good one.

Q.— Mr. Hitchcock, we have talked tonight a great deal about the technique of making motion pictures, we often hear a great deal said about the art of making motion pictures: Could you close by telling us just exactly where does the art come in; is art technique or does the technique become art?

A.—Well, I think that the art is in its basic form. The motion picture was the newest art form of the twentieth century and that is, its purestform, montage— pieces of film put together, shall we say, artfully, and creating ideas. But, you see, unfortunately, it's so little practiced today. We see so many films that are merely an extension of the theatre: they are photographs of people saying lines and so forth. So I regret that enough films are not made using the pure art form.

TORONTO STAR PHOTOGRAPHS

where even the images are generally static and flat.

As *The Silence* was the climactic film of the trilogy, *Marnie* was a conclusion of sorts to a trilogy that began with *Psycho*. In that film the child's ego was completely overpowered by the mother; in *The Birds,* a state of interdependence was reached; and in *Marnie,* the child was freed from the mother. These three films, along with *Vertigo,* are, for me, Hitchcock's most interesting because his most personal, filled with perhaps unconscious obsessions — and his virtuosity is being used not just to control an audience's responses. One wondered how Bergman could follow *The Silence.* With *All These Women* he turned sour and displayed his contempt for critics. Hitchcock seems to have become tired (reasonable at 65), or smug, or (as sometimes happens to people who are freed from their neuroses through psychoanalysis — the psychoanalysis of the preceding trilogy) merely bland.

Torn Curtain is made with the usual craftsmanship, but one senses that he wasn't much interested; perhaps he had to make a movie to fulfill his contract with Universal. Certainly the screenplay that resulted from his collaboration with Brian Moore is the most awkward and banal that he has had in many years. The pacing of the film is slack, suspense sequences seem to be inserted gratuitously (and in one case to satisfy the audience's lust for blood and violence); as a result the mechanics are all too obvious. Though it's an entertainment, an escapist romance, and a nightmare from which we awaken happily, *Torn Curtain* is treated seriously, not with the tongue-in-cheek abandon of *North By Northwest,* to which it bears many similarities. Apparently Hitchcock wasn't concerned about intelligence or reality in his film (he has said it was the feelings of the wife of a defector that interested him), but the cold-war cliches ("East Berlin! But that's behind the Iron Curtain!") are reminiscent of propaganda movies of the 40s and Hitchcock's own espionage thrillers of the 30s and are as naive as his depiction of physicists and the intellectual, scientific world. Yet maybe it's all intentional, maybe Hitchcock's smugness is justified, maybe he can't underestimate his audience; they're going in droves to be "torn apart with suspense" by Harper and Mary Poppins in *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* with a happy ending. And the night I saw it, they applauded the Woody Woodpecker cartoon — a poor Woody Woodpecker cartoon, at that!

Bob Huber

SHOT LIST

multi-mclaren

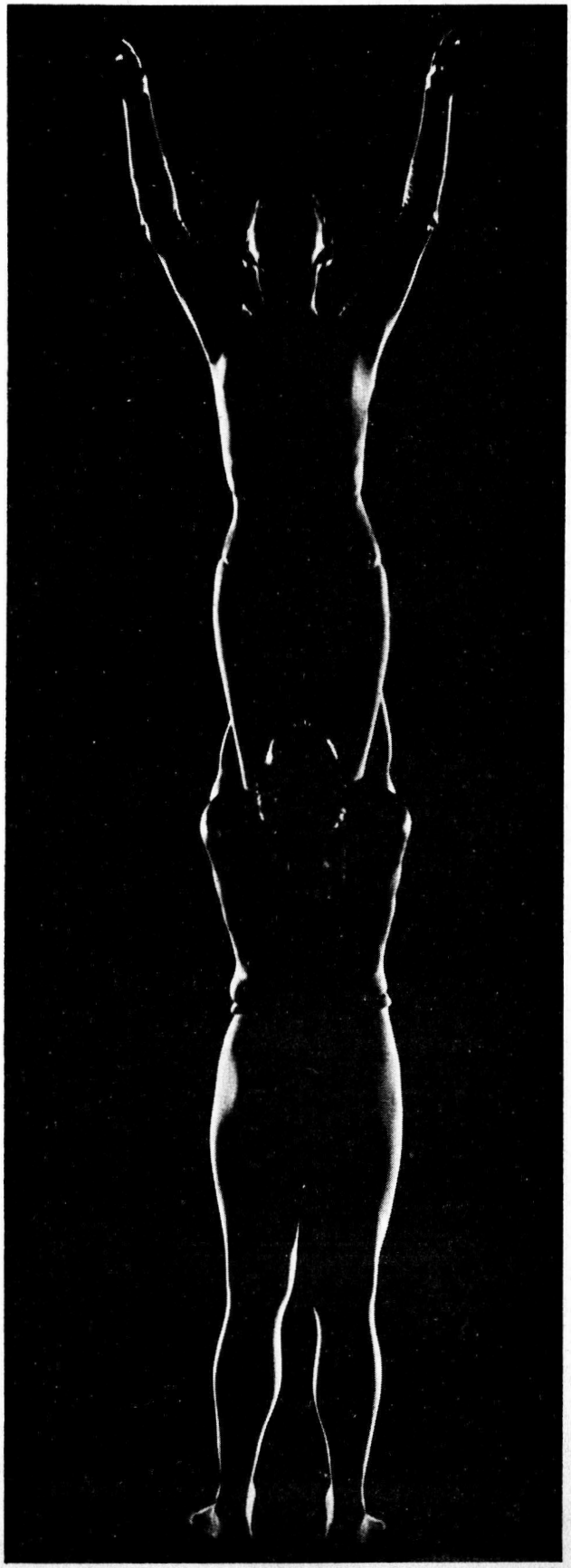
Photographs by Pierre Vinet

Most directors use film equipment and processes in the conventional way. They do not meddle with what goes on inside the camera, nor concern themselves "plastically" with each image on the reel of film. Norman McLaren is different: his ingenious touch is evident at every step of the movie-making process, from the idea and planning stage to the optical effects.

Over the past thirty years, McLaren has constantly experimented with new film techniques, developing in the process a wholly new art-form – that of painting directly onto the film not only the images but also the sound-track. MOSAIC (1965), his most recent film in this vein, combined the two techniques.

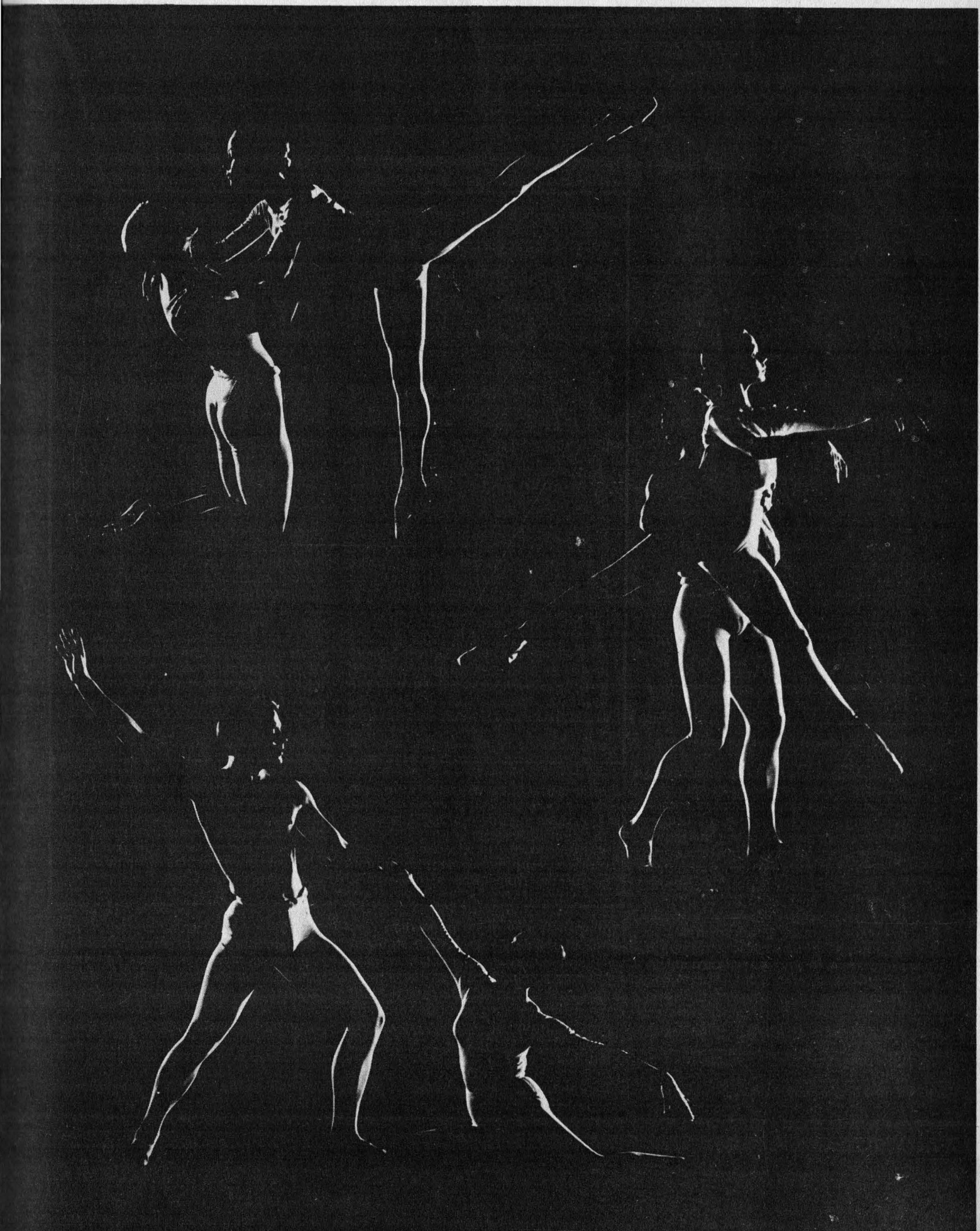
McLaren's most popular film (winner of an Academy Award) and his own favourite, NEIGHBOURS (1952) demonstrates yet another of his innovations: "pixillation", or the art of animating live actors. He has also experimented with three-dimensional techniques (as in AROUND IS AROUND, 1950).

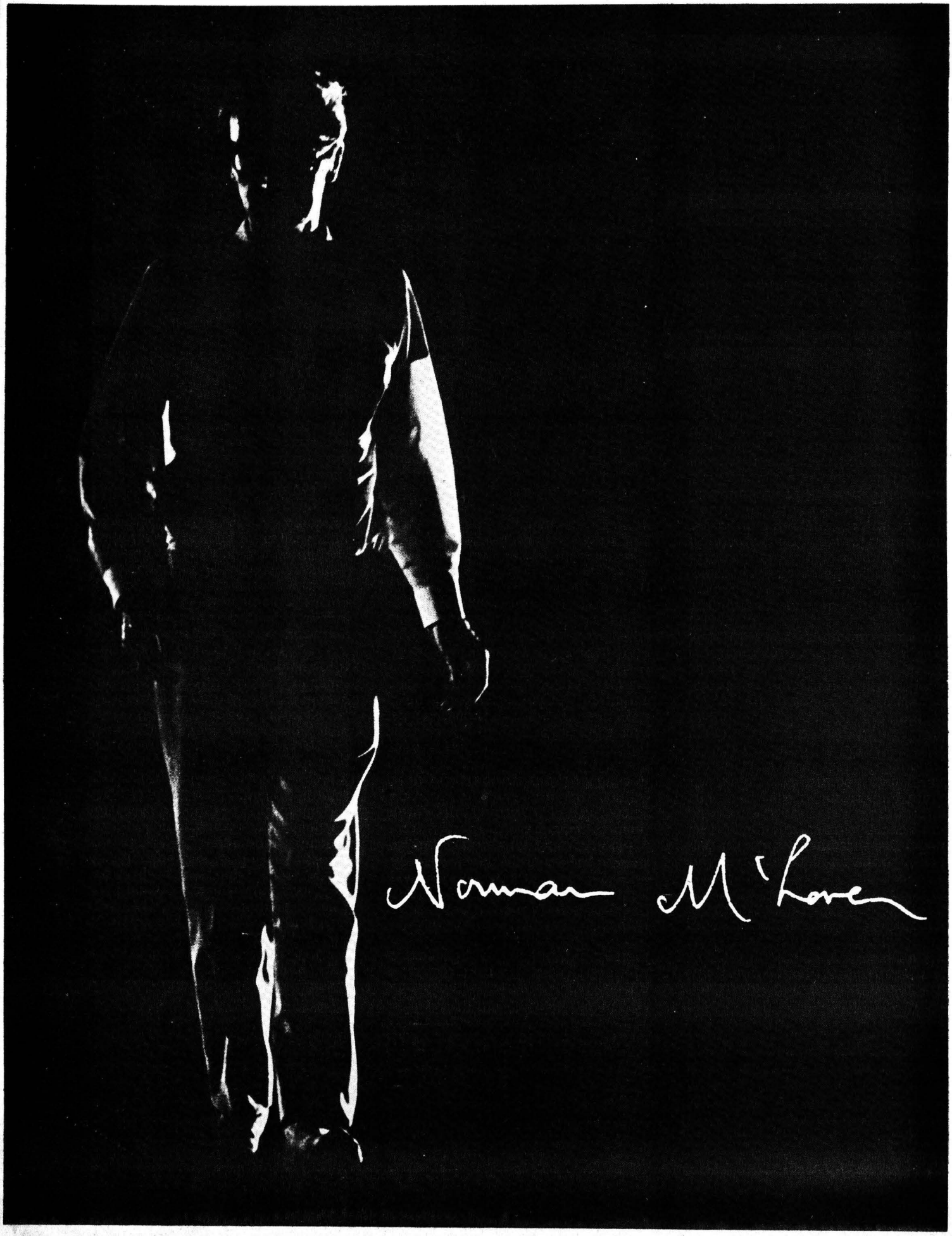
Despite the strong pacifist appeal of NEIGHBOURS, McLaren's work continues to be primarily in the field of abstract film, concerning himself with sensual perception rather than with emotional content. He explains: "I feel I have not lived and experienced enough in my life to be able to make another film like NEIGHBOURS. Here at the NFB I live a pretty sheltered existence, so to speak."



His current production, MULTI-BALLET, was begun six years ago with test shots of dancers. Recently McLaren reshot, using a male and female dancer and the choreographic talents of Madame Chiriaeff of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens.

In the film the dancers, edge-lit from behind on an all-black set, appear only as white silhouettes. Once in the lab, McLaren will superimpose each sequence upon itself many times, each time displacing or de-synchronizing the repetition by one frame so that the dancers will appear to be followed through their motions by a series of echoes of themselves. By simultaneously adding synthetic colouring during this printing process, each multiplication of the image will be of a different hue.




Norman McLaren

Montreal International Film Festival

Committed, as it is, primarily to the presentation of the work of new directors, the Montreal Film Festival is bound to have its ups and downs. This year's festival, the seventh, was dogged by films (particularly from Canada) that were of poor quality, or that (at the most) showed "promise"; too few of the features presented were wholly satisfying. For most, the motto was, "Wait until next year." On the following pages, some of the festival's more interesting films are reviewed.

In judging the films at the Fourth Festival of Canadian Films, which ran concurrently with the International Film Festival, the festival jury decided that none of the films submitted was of sufficient quality to merit the first prize. The audience applauded.

WHEN TOMORROW DIES

Directed and produced by Larry Kent. **Starring** Patricia Gage.

It would be unfair to dismiss Larry Kent's film as soap opera — unfair to the film because it is of more interest visually than soap opera and unfair to soap opera because the writing and acting of that genre is rarely as amateurish as that of WHEN TOMORROW DIES. However, it is difficult to refrain from making the comparison: Kent's plot is right out of McCall's (circa 1958 — I doubt if there is any magazine that carries this sort of story today) and the film's pace is just as lugubrious as that found on TV's "daytime drama".

Most of the audience at the festival showing of the film were able to laugh at it's dramatic pretensions but I found it *too* embarrassingly bad to be funny. In fact I probably would have left before the showing ended if I hadn't been waiting for the big sex scene which we've come to expect in Kent's films. (Much to my chagrin it never came, though there is a teenage orgy.)

This is not to suggest that there is nothing of value in the film or that it's completely without interest. Included among its few merits is Patricia Gage's performance in the lead role. Though much of the time the banality of the dialogue proves too much for her, her performance is often quite convincing. She is extremely photogenic and has that magic which is usually called "screen presence".

The music is also interesting, though it was usually inappropriate and distracting. However since there isn't much happening in the film, one can't really complain about distractions and at least once during a very nice piano-guitar duet I was annoyed by the fact that the dialogue distracted from the background music.

Finally the film deserves attention because (though this may sound foolish now that he's made 3 films) Larry Kent is still a "promising director." His first 2 films showed that he had a rough but vigorous cinematic instinct. In its own glossy way WHEN TOMORROW DIES displays this same instinct. In spite of the films slow pace individual scenes *swing*. (Unfortunately they are usually those scenes that are most clichéd and/or irrelevant.)

The trouble is that Kent the director is constantly let down by Kent the scriptwriter. He is amazingly naive as a social commentator. I know that a number of critics found his first 2 films realistic exposés of today's youth — but I don't know any young people who thought so. I have heard WHEN TOMORROW DIES defended on the grounds that Kent meant the plot and dialogue to be trite in order to show the banality of the middle-class way or life. However, if this film does present an accurate picture of Vancouver suburbanites Kent shouldn't have made a film about them — they're too ridiculous. But I doubt very much that he has presented an accurate picture. WHEN TOMORROW DIES is not a study of banality, it is an example of it.

Joe Medjuck

WINTER KEPT US WARM

Directed by David Secter. Produced by **Varsity Films. Screenplay by David Secter** and Ian Porter. Photography: **Bob Fresco and Ernest Meershoek. Music** by Paul Hoffert. Cast: John Labow, Henry Tarvainen, Joy Teperman, **Janet Amos.**

Considering the circumstances under which it was made (all student production, $8,000 budget) WINTER KEPT US WARM is an amazingly good film. Disregarding those circumstances it is a fine, unpretentious, honest little movie. It has its rough spots — many of them; the sound is poor, the editing sometimes crude, and the dialogue and acting at times clumsy. Often only Paul Hoffert's excellent score keeps the film from bogging down completely.

In spite of these obvious weaknesses WINTER KEPT US WARM is both engrossing and entertaining. David Secter and his collaborators did not set out to make a profound work of art. Instead they limited themselves to what they were familiar with: life on a university campus and more than any other film I've seen (student or otherwise) WINTER KEPT US WARM captures the atmosphere of campus life.

The film deals with the friendship of two students: one a brash, confident "Big Man On Campus" (John Labow), the other a quiet but independent freshman (Henry Tarvainen).

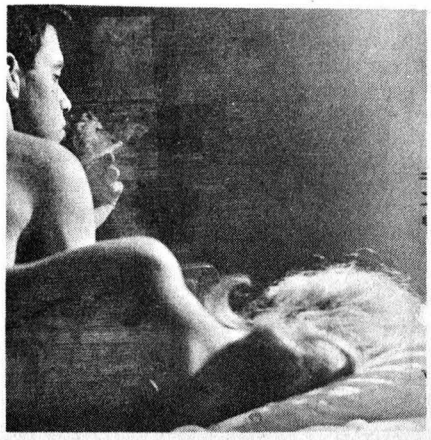
Secter treats his plot and characters with humour and understanding. The film's treatment of sex exemplifies his attitude. Sex (either in thought or deed) is an important part of the life of most young people but (contrary to what many films by or about students would have you believe) it is not *all-important*, and Secter does not treat it as if it were. To a certain extent he and his characters take sex for granted and as a result the sex scenes in the film are frank but not sensational.

I'm not sure that the hints of homosexuality in the last third of the film are really necessary — they seem to have been put in to add some sort of "drama" to a plot whose effectiveness lies in the fact that it is so undramatic — but they are not implausible and they don't distract from the film's basic honesty. Because of this honesty the film comes alive again and again, and you find yourself thinking that "This is real, I've seen it happen this way."

And in the long run WINTER KEPT US WARM succeeds because it tells it like it is.

Joe Medjuck

WINTER's Labow and Teperman



Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Directed by Jacques Godbout. Screenplay: Jacques Godbout. Photography by Georges Dufaux. Music by François Dompierre and Stéphane Venne. Cast: Charles Denner, Andrée Lachapelle, Paul Buissoneau, and Francine Landry. Distributed by Columbia Pictures.

"It is a well-known fact that a director has to make four or five feature films before he makes a good one. Needless to tell you, this is my first feature." This gem emerged, in a television interview, from the lips of the maker of yet another Canadian dud. If you went and didn't like it, it serves you right: you were warned by the maker himself. In another interview, he went on to declare that we Canadians think we have it all set; our reputation in the world is made, supposedly. I wonder what it could be. CLEOPATRA made $27 million. ONIBABA lasted more than a year in one theatre alone. THE KNACK had fantastic attendance records, etc. . . . If you are tremendously natonalistic or are determined to encourage Canadian industry, maybe you should see it. However, if you've seen SUNDAYS AND CYBELE, you've already seen part of the film, and if you've seen L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD, that's another part, and so on for the entire film.

But if you have $1.50 and five minutes to spare, go to see the credits. Marvelous. Saul Bass couldn't have done better.

Incidentally, I've been reviewing YUL 871.

DON'T FORGET TO WIPE THE BLOOD OFF

Directed by George McCowan. Produced by Seaway Films, in association with Associated Television Ltd. and the CBC. Screenplay by Lindsay Galloway. Cast: Nick King, Stephen Young, Austin Willis, Gordon Pinsent, Ivor Barry, Charmion King.

This film was originally intended as a two part episode on the Seaway television series. In the context of the vast wasteland it might be acceptable: the camera work is clichéd but competent, and though the plot is banal, the script at times shows flashes of intelligence. As a movie, however, BLOOD is a loser, partially because the TV camera techniques are distracting on a big screen but also because one needs the relief of a beer during the commercials to keep watching this sort of thing.

Joe Medjuck

LYDIA

Directed by Diederick d'Ailly. Screenplay by Diederick d'Ailly, Burton Krancer, Julius Rascheff. Music by André Hajdu. Photography by Julius Rascheff. Produced by Libra Film Productions. Cast: Gordon Pinsent, Anna Hagan, Benentino Costa, Malena Anusaki.

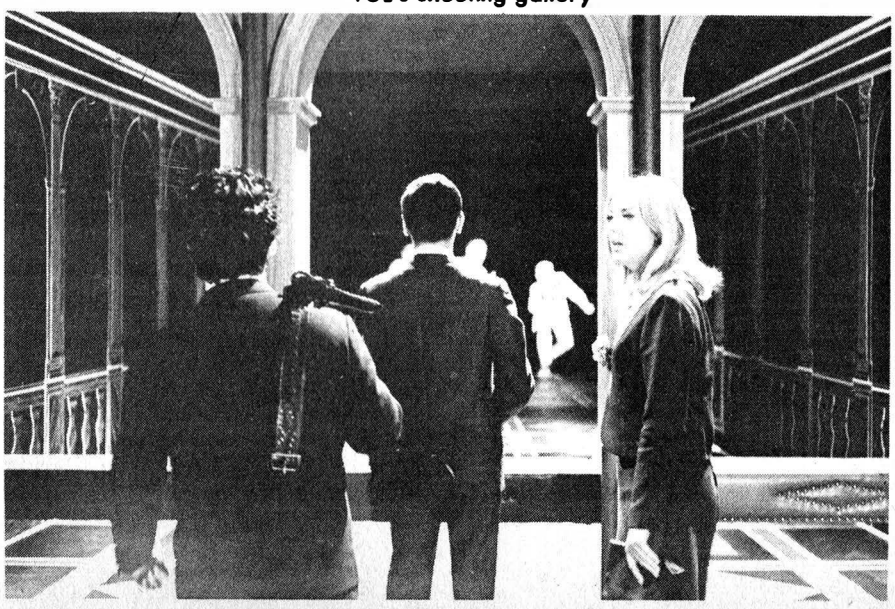
LYDIA, or the standing-still film. Nothing happening for 75 minutes. There are no longeurs, just one unbroken longeur (apologies to the French) from beginning to end.

Why is LYDIA so uncommonly devoid of interest? The script (once again!) deserves a major share of the blame. It's the one about the fatally ill American who comes to Greece in search of spiritual succour. He meets a girl who seems to embody the eternal youth of an ancient but still living culture. As he comes to understand the magic timelessness of the land, his individual burden is lifted. They become lovers. The girl prepares to go away with him, but, not wishing to bring the pain of his death into her life, he leaves alone. A simple but touching Romantic idyll? Could have been, but not here. The pace is excessively slow. There is no character development. The dialogue is unspeakable. The "eternal land" theme is treated without freshness (there is even one pretentious sequence of the two of them posing interminably among the ruins). And the static, lifeless direction does nothing to help. D'Ailly's set-ups are conventional, and almost every shot is held too long. Nor is he able to fill in and animate the thin script with bits of screen business; the settings have an empty, unlived-in quality, which only emphasizes the staginess and lack of spontaneity of the foreground proceedings. As for the actors, Anna Hagan suffers under a ghastly make-up job, while Gordon Pinsent's haggard expression more adequately reflects embarrassment with his lines than the ravages of a terminal ailment.

I don't wish to imply that LYDIA is unbearably awful. The occasionally pretty location photography makes it at least watchable, and if there's little in it to arouse the interest there's nothing repellent either. But the innocuous and impoverished realization of weak material is not my idea of $230,000 well spent.

Tony Reif

YUL's shooting gallery



THE TRIAL's Perkins

THE TRIAL

Directed, written and produced by Orson Welles. Music: Jean Le Drut, Albinoni. Cast: Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Elsa Martinelli, Akim Tamiroff, Orson Welles.

For the Saturday night major feature, the festival had hoped to get a big picture by a big-name director—Orson Welles' exercise in Falstaff, CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT which showed at Cannes this year. But negotiations broke down and instead, this earlier and little-distributed Welles film was stuck in at the last minute.

This freehand rendering of the Kafka story starred Tony Perkins as K, with Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Elsa Martinelli, Akim Tamiroff and Welles himself in the cast. It turned out to be a heavy-handed mess in which acting contributions ranging from not-bad (Perkins) to god-awful (Moreau) were submerged by the biggest mob scenes and hugest sets anyone has seen since De Mille overwhelmed those well-meaning commandments.

Frank Moritsugu

THE TRIAL is, like OF MICE AND MEN, one of the few masterpieces of cinematic allegory. Its protagonist, Joseph K (Tony Perkins), is suddenly "arrested" for no apparent reason. His life, it seems, has been typical of the bureaucratic, status-seeking young executive. But suddenly he is faced with the infinitely complex and insurmountable fabric of the judicial machinery. What is so artfully implied is, first, that man is trapped by the mechanism of his own making, and also, that he is too complacent to destroy the foundation of his mammoth "Frankenstein."

Welles turns the symbols of the allegory into timeless and haunting images. He has managed to create another world, another dimension, where even the banal is plausible. Here is a film which is brilliantly executed, maddening, subtle in design, bizarre, strange, infuriating, but most of all, breathtakingly beautiful.

Brian Nevitt

SIMON OF THE DESERT

Directed by Luis Bunuel.

Though artists throughout the ages have shown that it isn't necessary to be solemn in order to be serious, audiences and critics have been slow to comprehend this. Either the artist's serious intent is ignored while his "frivolity" (i.e. lack of solemnity) is commented upon (e.g. Jean-Luc Godard) or his humour is disregarded by an audience overawed by his seriousness of intent (e.g. James Joyce).

Luis Bunuel would seem to fall within the latter category. One can find many lengthy analyses of THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL or DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID that fail to mention that these films are at times very funny. (O.K. Call it black humour if you wish, but at least admit that it's humour.)

In SIMON OF THE DESERT, the humour is too apparent to be ignored by anyone. The film is very funny, even fey. At the same time Bunuel's intent is still serious: he has attempted a close examination of the nature and practice of religious asceticism.

The Simon of the title is the saint who spent 27 years standing on a pillar in the desert. Bunuel's attitude towards Simon is either ambiguous or open-minded, depending on how you look at it. At times Simon is presented as an innocent and pure being resisting the temptations of both man and Satan. At other times he seems a naive and self-righteous fool who blesses everything that comes into his sight. However, it seems to me, that in the long run Bunuel is trying to point out the impossibility of true asceticism in this world. At the film's end Satan (played by Silvia Pinal, who played Viridiana) has transported Simon to Twentieth Century New York. When he announces that he wishes to return to his pillar, Simon is informed that someone else has taken his place; if he wants his pillar, he'll have to fight for it.

One final note concerning the photography. The camera work of the earlier Bunuel films that I've seen has always struck me as being extremely competent, but that of SIMON OF THE DESERT goes far beyond competence. Visually this is a very beautiful film.

Joe Medjuck

MASCULIN—FEMININ

Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Production: Anouchka Films, Argos Films, Sandrews Films and Filmstaden. Photography by Willy Kurant. Cast: Jean-Pierre Léaud, Chantal Goya, Marlène Jobert Distributed by Columbia Pictures.

MASCULIN — FEMININ est un film pour le moins singulier. Interminables plans fixes ou gros plans sur des personnages qui paraissent rivés au mur comme des insectes

curieux. Godard nous donne une fois de plus tout en bloc, un regard philosophique sur les pensées et activités de notre temps dans un décor dépouillé de tout romantisme: mur de cuisine, chauffe-eau, évier, "laundry-mat", bruits de chasse d'eau, coups de revolver qui ne font même pas sursauter . . . Un univers ou l'absurdité froide fait souriretout en rendant triste, triste comme Paul, remarquablement interprété par Jean-Pierre Léaud qui semble avoir prolongé l'adolescence douloureuse de ses QUATRE-CENTS COUPS. Paul c'est le personnage attachant du film qui nous aide à supporter les grimaces exaspérantes de ce monde dans lequel il vit. Et heureusement qu'il y a Paul qui assiste, indifférent, à cette étrange comédie humaine: la mort dans le café, les "pédés" dans les "chiottes", l'amour-à-trois dans un lit, et malgré toute cette extraordinaire candeur qui ne s'achèvera que dans la mort, Godard, au contraire de Lelouch, supprime l'image. Son univers est dans le blanc, l'hygiénique, la dépersonnalisation totale du décor: cafés anonymes ou la communication paraît impossible parce que le monde crie au delà de tout, que les portes restent ouvertes, que les gens meurent ailleurs et que la guerre existe quelque part dans le monde. Où? Exactement, ça. Les meurtres dans le café, le métro, le "bowling": ce sont les faits divers parus dans les quotidiens à sensation après tout, puisqu'il y a les filles et leurs préoccupations: leur amitié: complicité farouche, parfois sur fond blanc, le visage ingrat d'une petite fille qui, comme elle le dit à la fin du film, hésite devant l'amour, devant la vraie vie.

Minou Petrowski

UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME

Direction and Screenplay by Claude Lelouch. Produced by Film 13. Music by Francis Lai. Photography: Patrice Pouget and Jean Collomb. Cast: Anouk Aimée, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Pierre Barouh. Distributed by Prima Films.

UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME is a dazzlingly stylish little French romance that seduces the eye with stunning colour camerawork. It pranced into the Montreal Festival with one half of the 1966 Cannes Grand Prix dangling from it like a perky Paco Rabanne plastic ear-ring.

Lelouch alternates full-colour sequences with those in monochrome tints. He also frames his shots tightly, dramatically. His camera doesn't do dizzying things to upset the equilibrium and yet he can catch the immediacy of fast action — a car race, for example, by using car-mounted and plane-mounted camera shots that thrust the audience practically into the navigator's bucket seat.

Most of all, his colour is integrated with his story and its moods — not merely applied ornament to make the whole business seem more important than orthodox black-and-white.

Lelouch's subject lends itself to colour. The man of the title is a young racing-car driver. The woman is a movie script-girl. So sequences of his testing a car, racing at Monte Carlo, or her working on movie-making locations make sense in glistening more-colourful-than-real-life hues.

But there is a certain slickness — a gloss which evokes the sheen of a high-quality magazine advertisement, or the better TV commercials viewed on a colour set.

UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME is no world-beater, but it is more than a triumph of colour camerawork. Director Lelouch handles his actors well and with warm concern. His stars seem like real people, not actors or mere symbols for a director's message.

Aimée and Trintignant first meet on Thursday visiting day at the school outside Paris where each boards a child. He drives her back to Paris and gradually they get to know each other. Their meetings, their rides repeat; they discover each is widowed, and eventually love develops. Finally they spend a night together, break up and then are reconciled.

The story is banal, yet Lelouch's handling of it is anything but. He makes it matter. And Anouk Aimée portrays something rarely seen on the screen: a believable, non-stereotyped evocation of a vital young woman who enjoys being married. And her beauty grows as love makes her come back to life from her recent bereavement.

It is hard to imagine any other film actress who has the quiet, assured womanliness to make this character as convincing.

There is one serious indulgence, but that's not unexpected from a contemporary director. The sequence in which the hero is shown test-driving goes on too long, and

MASCULIN — FEMININ's Goya

is handled as straight documentary with voice-over narration. It is great stuff for racing fans as Lelouch obviously is, but I longed for him to get on with it.

I also felt the final happy ending was an anti-climax. When the woman decides that their affair is no good because the memory of her dead husband is too fresh, Lelouch swirls us into a moody beachscape that deserves a four-colour double-spread in Paris Match or Holiday. It seems to signal a sad-parting ending, but the story takes up from there again.

The film makes Anouk Aimée look like one of the nicer things invented since the fig leaf became functional. Her womanliness is not the battle-scarred variety of Simone Signoret's in ROOM AT THE TOP, but that of a lovely woman at the prime of her life. This film is worth catching for that happy experience alone.

Frank Moritsugu

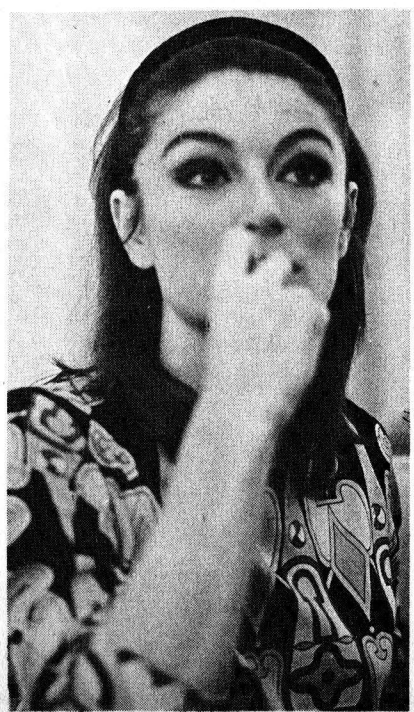
UCCELLACCI E UCCELLINI

Directed and written by Pier Paolo Pasolini. Produced by Arco Film. Photography: Mario Bernardo and Tonino delli Colli. Music by Ennio Morricone. Cast: Toto, Nino Davoli. Distributed by Telemont Film International.

Some of the critics were a little disappointed by Pasolini's latest offering, comparing it unfavourably with the early Fellini and De Sica cycle. The reaction is understandable, I think, if one is looking for the immediacy of emotional impact that marked, say, La Strada. But beyond sharing the physical landscape of La Strada — the flat, endless topography of semi-urbanized desolation — Pasolini's film has to be taken as a genuine original.

The genre here is the picaresque. And very much the moral-pointing literary picaresque of Eulenspiegel or Simplicius Simplicissimus. This, Pasolini states quite openly, is the Journey of Life. The three parts into which the film is divided mark the stages of awareness of the human intellect. The parable is further underpinned by drawing on the fable tradition of La Fontaine. Father

Anouk Aimée



BRUNO MASSENET

Anouk Aimée has a dog named Lola. She has a husband named Pierre Barouh. They are not listed in order of preference.

She has a smile that says as much as her words, and a simplicity that underlines her silences and her speech.

In person she seems much the same soft yet strong individual she portrays in Lelouch's film, UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME. And perhaps this is the reason she accepted the rôle — it seemed virtually to create itself during the shooting.

The people who worked with Claude Lelouch were his friends, and for the most part, the story and the characters in the film were derived from those friends. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who plays Un Homme, is a good racing driver — his ability becomes an integral part of the plot. Pierre Barouh, who plays Une Femme's dead husband (paradoxically he has recently become Anouk's live one), loves riding, and had just returned from a trip to Brazil when Lelouch approached him with the film idea. He is also a writer and singer of songs. All this figures in the film. The rôles are fictional but draw heavily on the personality of the actors.

Says Aimée:

"Without the intimate personal relationships we (Lelouch and the actors) share, we wouldn't have been able to make the film. It was a sort of family team. When Claude Lelouch told me the idea he had, I accepted right away — I love to work in a spontaneous framework, and when Lelouch speaks he simply transports you. You have to like a film when Lelouch describes it.

As for the dialogue — well, naturally, it is pre-scripted for the most part but very often we would let things happen by themselves — ce qui arrive, arrive . . ."

The film was shot six weeks after Lelouch told her of the idea, and the shooting was three intensive weeks of work. No precise schedules, no plan, just enthusiastic work, done for the love of it. Anouk describes it as "le désordre organizé".

Pierre Barouh is the composer of all the songs. Some, such as the Samba song, were written before the film and used "par hazard", others, written especially for it. The use of music as a substitute for synchronized sound track corresponds with another unusual technique in the film — the use of imaginative flashbacks and color-tinted black-and-white sequences as a substitute for dialogue or explanation of the characters' moods. The songs, flashbacks and tinted sections say more about how Un Homme and Une Femme see, think and feel than if these sequences had been shot in a "neutral" or cinema verite fashion.

And the children? "As spontaneous as spontaneous can be", laughs Pierre. Not a word of dialogue was scripted for them. They are children of Lelouch's friends and fitted in perfectly with the "family team".

Aimée is rather choosey about the rôles she accepts. The director is the deciding factor, rather than the story. Once one enjoys working with the director, the film promises to be worthwhile.

Erica Pomerance.

and son on their dusty journey play out the business of living; their attempts to come to terms with social reality are either equivocal or outright failures. But at the end of the film, they have, hopefully, learned about their condition. The road is ended but the journey is just beginning; for Pasolini the marxist, freedom is the knowledge of necessity. And UCCELACCI E UCCELLINI is his latest gloss on that text.

Toto and Nino Davoli turn in excellent performances as father and son. Pasolini has said of their characterization that they should be "ambiguous characters who have something real, human, profound about them, and at the same time something invented, absurd, clownish and fable-like." There is a splendid moment when each in turn takes a stray prostitute into a field and the other pretends not to notice; while on the horizon an impersonal homing airplane pays homage to their loveless act.

Not then, I think, a movie for the trend-hunter. In terms of technique, it makes for unstylish cinema as well as suffering from the occasional longueur. But its best moments contain rare and beautiful things: the newsreels of Togliatti's funeral, for example, are deeply moving. And Toto's snow-wreathed monk, waiting for the sparrows while winter turns to spring, has both the immediacy and the distancing quality of great art. All in all, a troubled, restless, important film.

Patrick MacFadden

BRUNO MASSENET

Pier Paolo Pasolini

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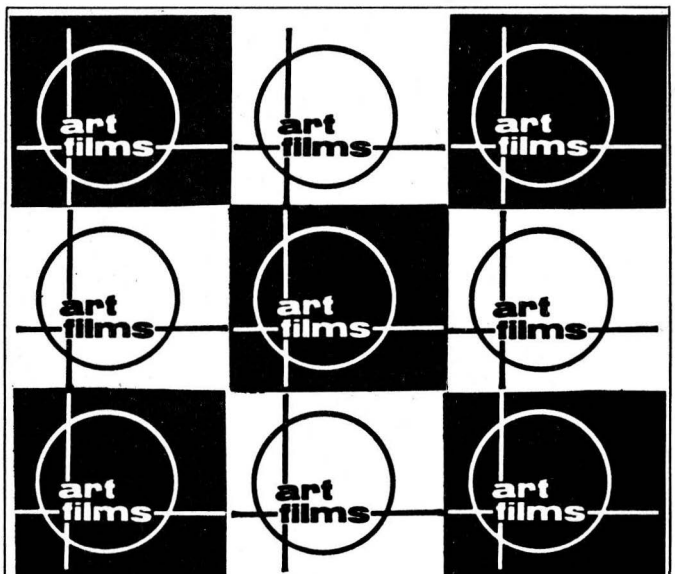

art films

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CLIVE DENTON ON FILM

The film-crazy Canadian, visiting London, will soon learn how to read the small print in the newspapers' entertainment columns. His first impression may be of a giant poster proclaiming the "Triple Premiere" of *Walk, Don't Run* — but to go to that would be mere frivolity. Cary Grant's nonchalance is worth enjoying, but it may be enjoyed in Canada; safe to leave it. Obviously, the valuable films here are the new foreign pictures (which sometimes run quite briefly, hence reading small print) and the revivals. You can see a grandslam of good old movies, from Renoir's *La Règle Du Jeu* at the superb Academy Cinema to Will Hay in *Oh Mr. Porter* at a little theatre deep in the gaudy maze of Piccadily Circus. And this without considering the National Film Theatre (London style), still keeping its head above financial muddy waters below Waterloo Bridge, that structure which so impressed Charlie Chaplin on a return visit. At the N.F.T. I caught up at long last with Chris Marker's *Le Joli Mai,* a swinging perceptive essay on Paris and Parisiens, frescoed in the hectic spring of 1962. Paris — while we're on the subject — offers the eager cinéaste even more than London does, but this city can still astonish the underfed waif from Toronto. There we don't do *so* badly for new foreign films, but the scarcity of revivals remains acute and London makes you realise all the more clearly what we're missing. I hope that Toronto's N.F.T. will encourage others to join in presenting a continuing living history of cinema; certainly the job shouldn't be left to an archive alone.

So much for evangelism. What of the people? Dilys Powell kindly asks me to tea, Sir Michael Balcon chats about the great days of Ealing Studios, Harry Horner (of the Anglo-Canadian "Anglo-Enterprise" production company) enquires whether I am Canadian. The answer to that surprises me a little. I say, "yes, by adoption" and suddenly realise I'm speaking quite proudly. Roman Polanski comes to talk to the audience one evening after of his new picture *Cul-De-Sac* has been screened at the Cameo-Poly. The affair is muddled: microphones buzz, nobody knows where to sit. This makes the chaotic first night of N.F.T. (Toronto) look like the Opening of Parliament! To cap it all, a female journalist firmly confuses "art" and "entertainment" into non-merging substances, as if they were chalk and cheese. Polanski turns everything to good account. He thinks *Cul-De-Sac* is his best work yet and defends its lack of "drama" and swift alternation of moods by playing up the evening's disarray. "Five minutes ago we were all in a bad mood, now we're laughing, the next question may make me angry." He suggests life is like that and his films reflect life. The audience concurs. They're quite young, for the most part. They understand alienation and wear its shackles with something close to grace.

My own reaction to *Cul-De-Sac* is guarded. Polanski is extending the borders of his individual world, cross between nightmare and vision that it is. A bizarre pair of struggling men at work (like in the shorts *Two Men And A Wardrobe* and *Mammals*) turn out to be gansters, marooned on a remote bit of British no-man's-land which manages to offer the comfortable trivia of home. I would have liked the film more if it had toned down the grotesque comedy; this "ambiguity of mood" is not so very complex, really, and the final emergence of tragedy is all too predictable. However, the picture stays in the mind more strongly than most — and it insinuates into my mind a different theme and a different hero from what I accepted at first. Polanski creates *living* films; they go on moving and twisting in the imagination, like coiled snakes.

Two other recent movies are more simply disappointments. Claude Lelouch's *The Decadent Influence* must have been made before his Cannes prizewinner *A Man And A Woman* which, hopefully, will mark an improvement in a potentially lively talent. This one is a frankly silly film which tries to have its cake and eat it, on the subject of impressionable *copains.* Mixing lyricism with social tut-tutting is a recipe for indigestion. Still, in this age of *hommages* to Hollywood, Lelouch is surely the first Frenchman to consider Gary Cooper a bad example to the young. He cannot be all bad. Lars Magnus Lindgren's *Do You Believe In Angels?* is, similarly, an earlier picture than *Dear John.* In retrospect, therefore, his unhappily Eastmancoloured trifle looks erotic to less meaningful effect than *Dear John* does. And, on this showing, he'll be lucky ever to master the art of directing screen comedy, which looks so easy unless it goes flat, as here.

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